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# NUGGETS OF GOLD

By  
CARRIE LAW MORGAN FIGGS







# Nuggets of Gold



by

Carrie Law Morgan Figgs

(Author of "POETIC PEARLS")

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By Carrie Law Morgan Figgs

528 East 46th Place

Chicago, Ill.

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*Price 50 cents*

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## PREFACE

DEAR READER,

The enormous sales of "Poetic Pearls" has inspired me to send to you "Nuggets of Gold", "Poetic Pearls" met with such popular favor until I've received some very beautiful letters complimenting them.

We give a few extracts below:

Rev. John A. Gregg A. M., D. D. President of Wilberforce University says:

'Poetic Pearls' is a very fine contribution, I'am very much pleased with it.

Rev. J. C. Caldwell, ex-secretary Allen Christian Endeavor League, says:

The book is a contribution to the literature of our race.

Hon. Charles H. Anderson, Capitalist and banker, says:

This book is entitled to a place in a class with the best poems of the world.

Rev. John W. Jones, Associate Editor of The Fla. Times Union, says:

"Poetic Pearls" scatters sunshine and point out ten shining points on the checkered pathway of life.

Madame Victoria Clay Haley, says:

I feel sure that much inspiration will be gained by the reading of these pages. The first two selections alone are worth the price of the book.

Rev. Arthur L. James, pastor First Baptist Church, Roanoke, Va., says:

It is not only production of literary merit, but it is soul deep in its rich contributions toward helping the world to become sweeter, kinder, safer and happier.

Major R. R. Jackson, Chicago Alderman and Major General of Knights of Pythias, says:

The book is a jewel. You are the uncrowned queen of literary art.

Dr. S. G. Baker, Editor of "The Messenger", says:

This production places Madame Figgs in the school of poets, and should be read by all.

I hope that "Nuggets of Gold" will inspire you as does a golden nugget when dropped into your palm, and meet your kind approval as does "Poetic Pearls".

C. L. M. F.



## MY NUGGETS OF GOLD



I own three golden nuggets.  
Two boys and a girl;  
Who fondly call me mother;  
I'm the happiest woman in the world.

I loved them ere they knew me,  
I prayed that they might live;  
As their little brown arms entwined me,  
I gave all that I could give.

A mother's love and sympathy;  
A mother's joy and tears;  
A mother's heart—felt interest,  
And above all, a mother's prayers.

I heard their childish laughter,  
I joined them in their play;  
I kissed their cuts and bruises;  
I wiped their tears away.

God has let me keep my nuggets,  
Til now they are lumps of gold;  
I pray that He will refine them,  
And when life is over take them into his  
[fold.

## A PRAYER

1

Father of the fatherless,  
Friend of the poor,  
Husband for the widow,  
Open hopes' door.

2

Thou hast heard us pray  
In days gone by;  
Hear us now Father;  
Heed Thou our cry.

3

Thou art Almighty,  
We know Thou art God,  
All men are thy children,  
Their Mother the sod.

4

Thou didst lead Israel  
From Egypt's dark land,  
Lead us O Father;  
Grant us thy hand.

5

Make America safe for Democracy,  
Safe for black as well as other men;  
Hear us O Father,  
We beg thee—Amen.

## LIFE

### 1

A moment of pleasure,  
An hour of pain,  
A day of sunshine,  
A week of rain,  
A fortnight of peace,  
A month of strife,  
These taken together  
Make up life.

### 2

One real friend  
To a dozen foes,  
Two open gates,  
'Gainst twenty that's closed,  
Prosperity's chair,  
Then adversity's knife;  
These my friends  
Make up life.

### 3

At daybreak a blossom,  
At noontime a rose,  
At twilight 'tis withered,  
At evening 'tis closed.  
The din of confusion,  
The strain of the fife,  
These with other things  
Make up life.

### 4

A smile, then a tear,  
Like a mystic pearl,  
A pause, then a rush

Into the mad whirl,  
A kiss, then a stab  
From a traitor's knife;  
I think that you'll agree with me,  
That this life.

---

## LOVE

Something that makes you feel  
Like a fool half the time.  
Something that makes you act  
Like a mule when he's blind.  
Something over which you have  
Absolutely no control,  
Something that makes your blood hot,  
And then it makes it cold.

### 2

Something that dulls your senses,  
And then sometime make them keen  
Something that makes you kind and sweet,  
But sometimes makes you mean.  
Something that makes the eyes soft.  
And makes the heart beat fast.  
Something that clings to memory  
In the city of the past.

### 3

Something that's high and holy,  
Then sometimes it's mean and low,  
But it will make you leap through fire,  
It will make you wade through snow,  
It will make you cross the ocean,  
It will make you mount the air;  
It will make you cross the desert;

It will make you curse and swear.

4

Something that makes you happy,  
Then sometimes it makes you sad.

Something that makes you beetter,  
Then semotimes it makes you bad.

It was this that made Adam

Have to leave his Eden home,  
And 'twas this that made Ahasuerus  
Bring Esther to his throne.

5

Something that's high as heaven,

Something deeper than a well.

Something so mysterious

That wise men fail to tell.

It makes of you a lion,

Then it makes of you a dove

This mysterious thing I speak of

Is, L O V E, love.

---

## WHOA MULE

(Dialect )

1

Whoa mule; aint you got no sense?

Keep jammin dis cart up to dis fence

Don't you know you'll break it down?

You's de biggest fool mule in dis town.

2

Anybody dat looks at you

Can see you is country thru and thru

A city mule has got some sense

You never see him jammin de fence.

## 3

When his boss says to him "be still"  
 He, stops right then and obeys his will  
 He gently turns his head around  
 To see if his boss is on the ground.

## 4

He stands up jes where he is placed  
 He looks a street car in de face  
 He winks at autos passing by  
 From motorcycles he will not shy.

## 5

I know you've seen a car befo,  
 Don't you hear me keep saying whoa!!  
 I'll take dis stick and bust yo hide,  
 You act so daw-gonned country-fied.

## 6

Now when I get up from my seat,  
 You stand bolt upright on yo feet;  
 And let these city mules find out,  
 That you are not a country clout.

## 7

Mule, are you really trying to pout,  
 Or are you trying to pitch me out?  
 The mo I talk to you bout sense;  
 The mo you jams into this fence.

## 8

You think that you'll have some fun,  
 But mule, my business you can't run;  
 I'll tell you when I want to go,  
 Stand up I tell you; I mean whoa!!



## ROLLING WATERS

### 1

Rolling waters, tell me true,  
Just how long you've dashed and rolled  
Rolling waters deep and blue,  
Really are you very old?

### 2

Rolling waters, I know you.  
Yet, of you I am so afraid;  
Tell me of the things you do  
Tell me of the graves you've made.

### 3

Then the waters answered me,  
"I was here ere God made man  
The God of heaven named me "Sea"  
And called your place of abode, land.

### 4

Upon my bosom fishes play,  
Upon my bosom storms do ride  
Within my bowels treasurers lay  
That I swallowed with fiendish pride.

### 5

I swallow ships, I swallow men;  
I give them a bed upon my floor  
To sleep and never wake again  
'Til time shall cease and be no more.

### 6

Man is to rule all things on land,  
Man can tame the lion bold;  
But I wish man to understand  
That o'er me, he has no control.

7

I leap, I dash, I rise and fall,  
I allow your ships to ride my foam;  
At times I am a chasm then a wall;  
I obey God and God alone.

8

All men to me are just the same,  
I treat the rich as I do the poor,  
I care not for their wealth or fame  
They are men to me and nothing more.

9

I leap, I dash, I rise and fall  
I allow your ships to ride my foam;  
I heed nobody's cry or call,  
I obey God and God alone.

---

## THE NEGRO'S UPWARD FLIGHT

1

As the eagle soars skyward  
Each day in her flight  
The Negro soars upward  
From darkness to light.

2

He has flown from his cabin  
His banjo and pranks  
To position and honor  
To title and rank.

3

His brother in white  
Is no longer his peer  
He is the equal of any man  
Found anywhere.

4

He left slavery's shore  
And for knowledge he sought  
Today he is a giant  
In the city of thought.

5

He is not begging for favors  
Along so called social lines  
He wants equal rights  
For this only, he pines.

6

He's a citizen in peace  
He is a soldier in the war's din  
But he asks for the treatment  
That is given to other men.

---

## WE ARE MARCHING

1

We are marching, truly marching  
Can't you hear the sound of feet?  
We are fearing no impediment  
We have never known defeat.

2

Like Job of old we have had patience,  
Like Joshua, dangerous roads we've trod  
Like Solomon we have built out temples.  
Like Abraham we've had faith in God.

3

Up the streets of wealth and commerce,  
We are marching one by one  
We are marching, making history,  
For ourselves and those to come.

4

We have planted schools and churches,  
We have answered duty's call.  
We have marched from slavery's cabin  
To the legislative hall.

5

Brethren can't you catch the spirit?  
You who are out just get in line  
Because we are marching, yes we are  
marching  
To the music of the time.

6

We are marching, steady marching  
Bridging chasms, crossing streams  
Marching up the hill of progress  
Realizing our fondest dreams.

7

We are marching, truly marching  
Can't you hear the sound of feet?  
We are fearing no impediment  
We shall never know defeat.

---

## SIGNS

If a black cat cross your way,  
You'll have bad luck all day.  
If you meet a cross-eyed man,  
You might as well change your plan.  
If your left eye jumps,  
You are going to have some awful bumps.  
If you strike your right foot big toe,  
Into trouble you are bound to go.  
If you put your hat on the bed,

Disappointments are ahead.  
If there's an itching of the right hand,  
You'll get a letter from a man.  
If the left hand itch its funny,  
But you'll surely get some money.  
If you dream of the dead,  
Rain is not far ahead.

---

## THE BLACK QUEEN

All hail! this honest dusky maid,  
Let all others prostrate fall;  
Bring forth the international diadem,  
And crown her queen of all.

In all pure womanly qualities,  
She stands serene and tall,  
Way up above the average,  
This makes her queen of all.

She's not a sluggard at any place,  
She answers duty's call  
Come all ye people, small and great,  
And crown her queen of all.

She stands bolt upright by her men,  
She will not let them fall,  
Now for her valor, tip your hat,  
And crown her queen of all.

## DEAR OLD HOME OF MINE

### 1

Tis true I've moved far from you  
Into another cline  
But there is no place just like you  
Dear old home of mine.

### 2

I've made many new friends  
They invite me out to dine  
There are no friends like home friends,  
Dear old home friends of mine.

### 3

I love your smiling waters  
I love your sun kissed clime  
I love your vales and meadows  
Dear old home of mine.

### 4

I love your grassy meadows  
I still hear the whispering pine  
I fancy that I hear song-birds singing  
In that dear old home of mine.

### 5

At night I dream of old friends,  
With love their faces shine  
The smiles and hand shakes thrill  
In that dear old home of mine.

## A TEMPERANCE POEM

1

Temperance is a holy cause;  
It teaches naught but love,  
The God who rules the universe  
Indorses it above.

2

The wine cup is dangerous,  
It makes you from good breeding part,  
It drags you down to ruin,  
And takes possession of your heart.

3

I wouldn't be a drunkard's wife  
I hate the maddening cup,  
It taints your morals, wrecks your life;  
And drinks your senses up.

4

Oh Temperance, Temperance wonderful  
name  
That reaches men in every clime  
That lifts them from their walks of shame  
And makes them walk in paths sublime.

5

Great God protect the Temperance cause;  
Shelter it neath thy mighty wing;  
Defend those who uphold its laws,  
So of sweet Temperance they might  
sing.



# NANCY

## 1

Nancy is a nurse sir  
She's just as fine as silk  
She is always bright and smiling,  
But she insists on giving you milk,  
Says she, "It's the doctor's orders"  
That you shall have no meat:  
She fills you with the liquid  
While the chicken she does eat.

## 2

She opens wide your mouth sir,  
And your temperature she takes,  
Then she writes down something funny  
In a booklet that she makes  
Just to show the doctor  
How well you are thriving  
And to impress upon him greatly,  
To obey him she is striving.

## 3

You can tell when the doctor's coming  
Nancy sticks down her hair  
Then she paints and powders her face sir  
Until she is beautiful and fair  
She bathes your face and gently rubs  
The wrinkles from your cheek  
She says: "now dearie lie quite still  
And to doctor do not speak."

## 4

She warns you "now be careful"  
Be quiet as a mouse  
Look wise and smile quite cheerful





The doctor's in the house"  
To keep you from telling doctor  
That ail the chicken she did eat  
She tells him that you are delirious  
And strange things do repeat.

5

Nancy really knows her business,  
She is loving clean and neat  
She will nurse you back to life sir,  
But your goodies she will eat.  
She will read you fairy stories,  
She'll take you to the land of Fancy  
While she eats your chicken, cream and  
cake,  
This mystifying Nancy.

---

I WILL TRUST IN JESUS  
(Sacred)

1

Tho my path be dark as night,  
I will trust in Jesus.  
Tho I see no ray of light,  
I will trust in Jesus.

2

Tho my sky be thunder riven,  
I will trust in Jesus.  
He looks down upon me from high heaven  
I will trust in Jesus.

3

Tho my cheeks be bathed with tears,  
I will trust in Jesus.  
He can carry all of my cares,  
I will trust in Jesus.

I will trust him all the way,  
 My friend, my Savior, Jesus.  
 Until I reach that "Perfect Day",  
 I will trust in Jesus.

## WHO'S YOU TALKIN TO (Dialect)

## 1

Boy! I'll split you wide open,  
 You gitten yo sef some brass;  
 Everytime I open my mouf to you,  
 You got to gim-me a game o sass.

## 2

I always thought you'd be nothin,  
 You low lifed ugly villun;  
 You is mo like your old daddy  
 Than any of my other chillun.

## 3

What you say? you glad you like him?  
 Shut up! don't talk back to me,  
 Didn't you hear me say shut up you rascal,  
 Why I'll beat you 'til you can't see.

## 4

Why I'LL break you down in the loins sir  
 If you gimme any mo' talk  
 Don't you think that I can't reach you  
 Cause I got rheumatiz and can't walk.

## 5

Now stop dat sniffin and cryin'  
 Take yo' sleeve and wipe dem nose  
 Stop dat humpin in yo' shoulders  
 Straighten out dem crooked toes.

Go on on' clean dat kitchen.

Wash every dish pot an' pan  
Don't you roll yo' eyes at me sir  
Remember you aint no man.

Lawd have mercy on dat boy

You know Lawd I aint mad  
But I have to scare him up like dat  
Cause he is so everlasting bad.

## THE MURDERER

John Jones and Fred Pratt had a falling out;  
It was all about Nellie Brown;  
Nell liked Jones better than she did Pratt,  
So of course she turned Pratt down.

Says Pratt: "Miss Brown, Jones is a thief,  
He served three years on the gang;  
He is only a common rousta bout;  
Pardon me for such slang.

I know for when my father was County  
Judge, he sentenced Jones three times;  
Once for stealing a box of hams,  
Once for stealing a dime  
And the third time for stealing a little  
girl not past the age of nine".

Now this was a malicious lie;  
Nell unlike most girls could see

So she said "you are a coward Pratt  
To speak such words to me".

5

"Father says that John is a gentleman  
And I think he ought to know  
For they were in business together  
In the Klondike Eleven long years or more

6

"And further more I want to tell you  
To save contention and strife  
That with a heart filled with love  
I have promised to be no other than  
John Jone's wife.

7

These words sank deep into Pratt's mean  
soul,  
Thought he, "It shall never be  
Before he shall marry the girl I love  
I'll send his soul to eternity".

8

Pratt knew the road that Jones used  
When he went to see Miss Brown,  
He hid himself behind the trees,  
Just outside the town.

9

Jones came walking along slowly,  
Thinking "to-morrow Nell will be my  
bride"

When suddenly Pratt sprang  
From the shrubery by his side.

10

He felled Jones with a bludgeon;

26

Then stabbed him to the heart,  
Then dragged his body from the road  
To a safe place in the dark.

11

He crept back through the shrubery,  
He fled into his home;  
But the eyes of God were upon him;  
He felt he was not alone.

12

Next day the constable sought him  
And confronted him with his crime;  
"You were seen" he told the murderer  
"By eyes more keen than mine".

13

The day that they had the trial,  
Nell's face was calm but firm;  
Neath her searching gaze Pratt faltered;  
Like a worm he did squirm.

14

The Judge gave out this sentence,  
"You shall hang 'til you are dead"  
They marched the prisoner outside,  
To the gallows he was led.

15

He knelt in meditation;  
"Forgive me God," he said.  
He drove a dirk into his own heart;  
At the sheriff's feet he fell dead.

## THE PICNIC

1

We had a wonderful time at the picnic;  
Everybody in town was there.  
We sang and played and frolicked  
'Til our music filled the air.

2

Joe Brown was there with his sister;  
And Ned was there with his gal  
Yes Sam was there with Mirandy;  
Pete Jenkins he brought Sal.

3

Parson Jones he brought the widow  
A leanin on his arm,  
You could see that he was frightened;  
But he tried to look quite calm.

4

The young folks started dancing;  
Parson lifted his glasses and said,  
"Suppose we don't do that children  
Let's have the grand march instead".

5

"Good" came a chorus of voices,  
Let the parson lead the march;  
The parson walked out boldly,  
But his face was as white as starch.

6

The marchers walked out gracefully,  
Each couple took its place;  
Phil Tomkins gave the orders  
With perfect ease and grace.

7

The band was playing Dixie,  
The parson looked left then right,  
His partner had gotten away from him,  
And was almost out of sight.

8

You know the widow can't see well;  
And she grabbed Joe Bown by the arm  
Thinking that twas the parson  
Who was holding her by his charm.

9

Parson got Joe Brown's sister,  
And she's gay young thing;  
When he found himself she had him  
Actually cutting the pigeon wing.

10

The young folks caught the spirit,  
But when the parson tried to stop;  
His feet refused to help him,  
So on the floor he fell ker flop.

11

Now by him falling suddenly,  
It made us all fall down;  
And my slipper heels were caught  
In the wig of Fannie Brown.

12

Well say, did she look funny?  
Everybody began to laugh;  
Her head looked like an apple  
When it is split in half.

13

I couldn't get my slipper  
From the tangles of that hair;

29



Imagine me a limping  
Around with my right foot bare.

14

We finally found our places  
And got back into line;  
But child I want to tell you  
We had one jolly time.

## THAT EASTERN STAR

(Sacred)

That star of joy and hope  
That star of love divine  
That star of light and peace and life  
That shines for all mankind.

2

Our star reminds of Him  
Who died on Calvary's tree  
Whose blood can cleanse from every sin  
And make the bondsman free.

3

That star shone through the past  
It will shine for years to come  
Its beams have led us through the blast  
Its beams will lead us home.

4

Dear guiding star above  
Of thee, to thee we sing  
Lead us with the rays of love  
While to thy points we cling.



## SMILE, WORK AND SING

Smile and the world grows better,  
Smile and upon gloom put a fetter,  
Smile and open friendships letter;  
Smile, Smile, it's a deal of fun.

Work and the task grows lighter  
Work, and your sun shines brighter  
Work, and your grip grows tighter  
On success, and you're sure to win.

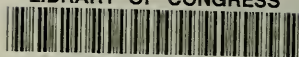
Sing and you help your brother,  
Sing, you lift the cloud for another  
Sing and evil thoughts you smother  
From the recesses of your heart.







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